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EDITORIAL

Every man seeks to create himself. Some men have more effective means of creating themselves than others; for a man is only half himself, the other half is an expression of himself. Farmers, painters, and sailors express their chief affections in a way of life. Their love of the soil, beauty, and the sea are all symbols of the inner attachment of the soul. These expressions of self are all a form of art—yet they are more than art. They are the revelation of a man's second nature that has newly developed from a sincere desire on his part to communicate, to be understood, to be appreciated for his own fundamental nature. Without an expression of self, a man is lost to the world. Self expression is the link between him and the world.

There are many ways in which a person relates himself to the world. Some of these methods are better than others. They show varying degrees of individual development. The time at which a person desires recognition of self and self potential varies with the individual according to his readiness. Discontentedness and dissatisfaction with one's present state of being may be stimulated by many outside and inside factors (education being one of the primary external forces in fostering individual growth). Man suddenly finds his present expression of himself inadequate; he is something more than he has been able to communicate to others. Why? Possibly because he is just beginning to realize his own ability to be something other than a stereotype of society. He recognizes himself as an individual endowed with certain capabilities that should be expressed in the most fruitful way possible. He has not been true to himself and the things he believes and is. He has wasted a part of himself by conforming to other men's ways and being a puppet of other men's ideas. Suddenly man is seized with a fury to tear off this mask of false identity—to escape from this thing he is becoming—to create himself as he knows he is. Everything taken into a person's heart, mind, soul, or body will someday come forth again in some form. His soul ripens with new thoughts and ideas which he wishes to communicate with the world. Man searches longingly for the development of effective communication, for with the recognition of the worth of the individual comes

the means of self creation and self expression. Man has insisted on himself and discovered within himself a uniqueness that makes him great.

Failure to persist in the development of one's self places man and mankind in a precarious position. Man will not be able to express himself and his own points of view in any situation (family, campus, or world). His soul will have been externalized and influenced by society. Unless he grabs hold of himself and insists upon himself, he will be as lost to this world as a dead leaf floating down a stream. Man can be carried down the stream of environment like this leaf, through the shallows of life, away from any realization of his own thoughts, his own feelings, his own imagination. If our civilization desires to preserve itself and its constitutional rights of the individual, it must also realize that our society cannot thrive on conformists, imitators, puppets, and carbon copies. The newly developed individual possesses a keen sense of appreciation for this world and all that is in it. His mind is perceiving and absorbing past, present and future; he gives thanks for newly discovered freedom—something he has always possessed but had never been able to express. His thoughts are like keys that unlock old prisons, giving new perspective to life.

If you have a self—if you want to preserve it—if you want to be more than half man—you must express yourself. Old methods of expression may have proved unsatisfactory, inadequate. Reject the old. Try the new. Every attempt at self expression attributes to individual growth and development. Where better than inside a college community can a person begin to realize his individual needs and weaknesses? Daily he is confronted with new thoughts and ideas in the form of knowledge. People and situations are continually challenging his intelligence, his emotional stability, and his integrity. Weaknesses are pointed out and from a realization of them comes a new strength—strength of character, personality, and intellect. With proper guidance from without and persistence from within, young people who are searching for something more than mere existence in life soon find themselves and their capabilities.

Student publications, as an effective means of communication, can and should answer this challenge to youth by affording an outlet for growth in expression and individual talent. Potentialities can be recognized and creativity encouraged in all areas of journalistic responsibility. *logos* provides for this student body a means of communication in which this challenge to the individual for further development can be met. The college magazine is an expression of the very nature of this college campus as a composite of the representative personalities that contribute to it. Only through this sincere expression of self can our magazine meet the high literary standards it now possesses. Only by our earnest efforts can we present to our college community of students, faculty, interested alumnae, trustees, and patrons "the word or outward form by which the inward thought is expressed." Individual thought and action is a challenge that once met successfully can only lead us forward in our development of the complete man.

—HARRIET SLOOP

12:13

by Jane Paden

The rain was cold, my clothes damp, my mind doubtful as I approached the dormitory entrance. The spell was broken—the bubble burst. The mud colored bricks—rectangular, in neat rows—a lost attempt—imitation of home. Return, regrets, reality—all were clear—so uncommonly clear. A warm hand released—a brass knob grasped—darkness and strange uncertain eyes relinquished—dirt-studded carpet, wall card and tiled fluorescent corridors regained. Long corridors filled with the confusion of life—the girl who wears the constant smile—she who laughs away the mistakes of life and finds shelter under a pious front—the student who seldom leaves her room, and she who rarely enters it. Happiness, deceit, loyalty, remorse, apathy, enthusiasm live together on this hall. I see them all each day, and wonder. Who are they really? Do they feel what I feel? Does this door, this massive white door mean to them what it means to me?—the end of a short glimpse of the outside world where time hurries to be spent—that frantic feeling that one must live every minute—Do they feel this?

Earlier this evening this same door meant an escape—a few happy hours—funny isn't it, when you think about it? Even the slippery flagstones were pleasant companions as we walked along. A dreary night made into an exiting experience by a companion—someone new, and not yet understood. Rushed hours of preparation and anticipation preceded our smiles of welcome. We laughed, we thought, we walked, the rain spears splashing our faces as the spongy grass and pavement slipped by. Porch lights, street lamps, headlights—vaguely illuminated our topaz world as we passed. Day noises were replaced by ever-drizzling silence broken only by our hollow footsteps on the sidewalk.

As we walked, the night was ignored—forgotten. We, from opposite ends of a lonely street, met gladly for a brief moment in the rain. He—tall, dark-eyed, knowing—firm in belief, yet uncertain of action—brimming with potential—mystified by this phenomenon called life. I—doubter of self, a girl of many faces—confused like the others.

The liquid streets and treacherous walks faded into moods—amber, flame, loden, indigo. The raindrops flashed in the night lights, reflecting momentarily in our mirror eyes. Bright eyes—trite talk—all seemingly senseless at the time. Laughter, that wondrous sound that comes in hushed chuckles and convulsive spurts—sometimes having reason, but often none. We lingered in the glow of night a while, watching the rain fall, listening to its music, feeling it drench our bodies. Our conversation touched shallow subjects—subjects

that frequent gatherings of strangers, requiring little concentration, unnatural for people accustomed to thought. We splashed in the puddles, smiled in the rain and walked arm in arm into sarcasm. I marvel at its stealth—it overtakes you so silently. Is it in lack of understanding or in self defense that such wit-battles, verbal wars begin? One ambiguous comment precedes the yawning precipice—edginess, uncertainty, an uncomfortable damper follows. The liquid mist was rising. We walked briskly now—cross armed—silently wishing this mood had not been born. Heads erect—apparently unconcerned—minds searching for an appropriate comment—a good front this new sophistication, this mature sarcasm we had stumbled on. Now like drowning forms we grasped for something—one word—one flash of understanding to save us from its obsidian depths. Too small, we, to call a truce. The rain pounded on our hot faces. College talk, a sounding brass, desirous of attention—a tinkling cymbal. Small people hide beneath shells. We must have a carefree, careless mystery about us—a shield from reality—a mask from our real emotions. We walked on, noticing the wet mosaic of twigs, worms, and last fall's leaves on the flagstones. Our evening gone—our minds tired—our path directed back—back to the brick walls—the neat rectangular rows. We retrace our steps in silence. A desire to speak, to make amends, caused us to stop beneath a street lamp. Our eyes search each other's face—speechless, our willing arms once again link—our pace is slowed—silence at last . . . Uncertain silence followed by a brief understanding as the puddles pass, the walls near. I have found myself unaware. He, from the other end of our melancholy street—he, from the same surroundings. Yes, we've met for a moment in the rain. Had time lasted, a deeper understanding might have been gained. Time left him there with a brief goodnight. So unnatural this brass knob—so cold this door—the carpet is smooth, the lights are warm but the mystery is here. The time is placed in the appropriate blank of my wall card—another evening. My heels click and drag over the linoleum squares of the hall. I mount the stairs to the second floor—my fingers trace the surface of the iron railing. Pausing at my door I hear the familiar sounds—encounter the same faces—scan the long polished corridors and wonder—It is twelve-thirteen.

Honor, Freedom, and Dissent in Student Government

by Dougald McD. Monroe, Jr.

It may be a reflection on human nature that such devices [as our constitutional checks and balances] should be necessary to control the abuses of government. But what is government itself but the greatest of all reflections on human nature? If men were angels, no government would be necessary. If angels were to govern men, neither external nor internal controls on government would be necessary. In framing a government which is to be administered by men over men, the great difficulty lies in this: you must first enable the government to control the governed; and in the next place oblige it to control itself. (Federalist papers, #51)

What I want to do in this talk is to point out not necessarily the most important considerations, but some of the considerations that seem to me most likely to be overlooked or neglected in the thinking of students about their government.

One purpose of college and of student government is to create on the one hand a keen sense of responsibility to one's community and on the other hand a strong capacity for creative activity as an individual, including creative criticism of the society. This seems clearly to be a part of the meaning of the preamble to the present student government constitution; but it involves some difficult and subtle problems. It seeks to foster, I presume, a non-conforming creativity in the individual at the same time that it seeks to foster and preserve the best interests of the group. These of course are not always in conflict, and one can argue that they are never in conflict. But in practice they often pull against each other.

The matter of government is always a difficult one, involving as it does the relationships between the individual and the society of which he is a member. All government is in

part some kind of a compromise between anarchy, or complete freedom of every individual to act as he wishes, even at the expense of the group or other members of the group, and on the other hand, totalitarianism, or complete freedom of the state to act as it wishes, even at the expense of all rights of the individual. Creating this kind of balance is not easy.

Part of the framework in which the officers of student government are expected to lead the student body in keeping this perilous balance between the individual and the society is the idea held by many thinking people that this is an age of conformity, the age of the mass man, and is therefore an age in which there is a great shortage of creative nonconformist individuals. The need for genuine nonconformists is real, I think. Ben Shahn, in an article entitled "Nonconformity," in the September, 1957, *Atlantic* argues as follows:

Without the nonconformist, however, without the critic, without the visionary, without the person of outspoken opinion, any society of whatever degree of perfection must fall into decay. Its habits

(let's say its virtues) will inevitably become entrenched and tyrannical; its controls will become inaccessible to the ordinary citizen. (p. 39)

Nonconformity is a basic precondition of art, as it is the precondition of *good thinking* and therefore of growth and greatness in a people. The degree of nonconformity present—and tolerated—in a society might be looked upon as a symptom of its state of health. (p. 40)

Now, if it is true that there is an especial need today for the creative nonconformist critic, and that the college has some responsibility for fostering such people and their attitudes, there is an added responsibility upon the student government to help in encouraging the tendencies of such people. And this, I submit, makes even more difficult the job of maintaining the balance between the group and the individual.

Within this framework, I wish to deal with three particular sets of ideas that I think further point up and elaborate the subtlety and difficulty of the job the leaders of student government have undertaken. (1) One of these is a pair of notions about how the independent thinker develops. (2) The second of them is the notion that the honor system is a thing of very special value and should be given very deferential treatment. (3) The third is a reaffirmation of some of the traditional rights of Americans, the basic principles of which should be very assiduously applied in student government.

I One striking difference between a student government and most other governmental systems is that a student government is made up of young people, at least some of whom are in the midst of very difficult stages of development. There are two theories about development that, in as far as they are valid, raise some ironic problems. One of these is the theory that those who are eventually going to become independent thinkers are likely to be slow growers. Samuel Butler, in *The Way of All Flesh*, has his narrator state this theory in

"... some men who do great things in the end

a comment upon some of the more glaring stupidities of his young hero, Ernest Pontifex. Overton, the narrator, says:

The only excuse I can make for him is that he was very young—not yet twenty-four—and that in mind as in body, *like most of those who in the end come to think for themselves*, he was a slow grower. By far the greater part, moreover, of his education had been an attempt, not so much to keep him in blinkers as to gouge his eyes out entirely. (Modern Library College Edition, p. 367)

The idea is repeated less strongly later: "I had lived long enough to know that some men who do great things in the end are not very wise when they are young." (p. 420) The lives of great men furnish some examples to verify this (even if we leave out Shelley, Byron and Coleridge on the grounds that they never reached any degree of maturity). One summary of Browning's rather limited formal education says: "At school he never won a prize, though it was more difficult to avoid than to win prizes . . . He rather despised his companions and made few friends." But Browning's later life is pretty generally exemplary. George Bernard Shaw, we are told, "was generally near or at the bottom of his classes." Winston Churchill's academic career was extremely stormy and unimpressive. The list could be extended.

"May no fate," as Robert Frost puts it, "willfully misunderstand me, and half grant what I wish," and give me in my classes only dumbbells who are going to be great independent thinkers twenty years from now. In fact, in what I have just said and in what I am about to say, I feel a strong fear of appearing to be coming out in favor of sin. I am not really. I am only trying to face a difficult question realistically.

are not very wise when they are young."

Another (related) theory about development is that rebellion against authority, especially against parental authority, is frequently part of the pattern of development of those who are eventually going to become independent thinkers. Robert Frost claims that all children who are going to become alive as individuals get their start by defying their parents—kicking them in the face, as he puts it. (In his sense of the word there are a good many young people who never become alive.) There is pretty much of a pattern in Shakespeare's plays, that young people who defy their parents when they are tyrannical develop high integrity of personality—cf. Desdemona, who defied her father in marrying Othello; Cordelia, who, in her refusal to pay compliments to flatter his ego, broke sharply with old Lear; Prince Hal, who defied his father by wasting his youth in riotous living with old Falstaff (we only wish that Hal's rebellion had been more deep-seated). Hamlet and Ophelia are contrasting examples of young people who disintegrated—at least partly as a result of failing to rebel against parents who directed them badly.

If it is true that the slow growers and the rebels are likely to become independent thinkers, then it is also true that some of the trouble makers in a college community may be the persons who in the long run will be the most valuable to the society in which they live.

It's easy, perhaps, to push this point too far. But I think it has some significance, and some relevance to affairs of student government. After all, two conditions are necessary to produce the constructive independent thinker. (1) He must have the knowledge and intellect. This is important, and many have it. (2) But "yet the will's somewhat"—the inclination, the tendency, the desire, the drive—and this is much more rare in our day, it seems to me.

This has been something of an obsession with me since my first year of full-time teaching. I had in class a girl who had an amazing sensitivity, both moral and aesthetic. I've tried to write poetry, and it's abundantly clear that I'm no poet. But she could dash off things, anywhere, anytime, that seemed to me to demonstrate great potential. Here's part of one she wrote after a party one night:

I was brought up conventionally
To think that when one is at a crossroads
There is a left turn and a right turn
And a turning back.
There is no right turn, left turn, wrong turn,
back turn really,
Only a gradual vicissitude
And turning into the turn itself.
I was once lost in a boat
But then I knew there was a shore, beyond
the fog.

They say that war is not instinctive,
But yet they do not know.
The constant shuffling of unrequited desires
Inside oneself is a certain war,
And that is the only thing inherent in man.

I went to town to buy some stockings:
I bought the town, but forgot the stockings.

In the middle of her sophomore year she spent the night with one of her girl friends, a married girl, in her apartment, without official permission, and this along with previous accumulated offenses was enough to cause her to be expelled from school. I guess no one is to blame for this. She broke the rules, more or less deliberately. She knew the penalties pretty well. I don't think she was angry with anyone when she left. But I felt, and still feel, a deep sense of waste. The college should have been able

to help her realize some of her rather unusual potential.

II I find it very difficult to articulate the strong feeling I have about what you might call “the care and feeding of an honor system.” My own experience of the honor system at Washington and Lee was one of the most profoundly moving experiences of my life. I guess maybe I had never really been trusted before—at least not nearly so completely and casually—no fanfare about; it was taken for granted. I am convinced that violations of the honor system there then were extremely rare. Most of us, I think, thought of the honor system with some tinge of fear. It was so either-or. One weak moment of yielding to fear or pressure or desire, and one could step out of the pale forever. There was only one penalty for violation; it was announced by a notice that read: “A student (not his name, just this) has been found guilty of a violation of the honor system and has been requested to withdraw from the University within twenty-four hours.” But the fear was only that one would violate it—never that he would be convicted on false accusation.

I think of an honor system as a very delicate kind of organism. It must be guarded from contamination, with the greatest care. A few things to illustrate: About six years ago, a number of football players at Washington and Lee were found guilty of violating the cheating regulation of the honor system. At that time Washington and Lee was in the Southern Conference, and played such schools as the University of Virginia and William and Mary. But the pressure of this relatively big-time football seemed to be endangering the honor system. Rather than risk further damage to the system, the college adopted a policy of complete amateurism — eliminating football scholarships and competing only with other schools that had a similar policy of deemphasis on athletics. I am sure there were other contributing motives, but I am equally sure that the main one was to remove the strain from the honor system. I am told that the University of Virginia had a similar experience some years

ago. The athletic department had made a practice of using the honor system to enforce training regulations. The student leaders became aware that this practice was beginning to cause some violations of the honor code. Rather than run any risk of weakening their honor system, the honor council decided that it must refuse to use the honor code for enforcing athletic training regulations.

I am constantly amazed at the job of work that women’s colleges succeed in getting their honor systems to do. I can imagine students taking considerable pride in using it as a basis for enforcing some social regulations, to avoid the humiliation of being checked on. But an honor system is unique in that it is the *only* thing, I am sure, about which there is 100% agreement. This unanimity is assured by the admission practice of requiring agreement to the honor system as a condition for admission. And this includes the agreement to report any violation—an agreement that is at the very heart of the system, for the unanimity of support must be maintained.

The danger that I wish to warn against is that of putting people on their honor to report themselves for failure to abide by social or other regulations to which there are strong feelings of resentment or antagonism. I have tried to think what I would do if the city of Charlotte brought me a check sheet and told me that I was required to indicate on that sheet each day whether or not I had exceeded the speed limit. Let’s assume in this that I am on an honor system with a very severe penalty for violation of it, an honor system of which I am proud. What would I do? I’m not exactly against speed limits—I think they are a sort of necessary evil. But I shouldn’t have to turn myself in, and pay \$13 each time I go over 35 miles per hour. I think that what I would do is to refuse to check the chart on the grounds that it might be self-incriminating. And I think I might do that even though they gave me seven excused violations. If I did not feel that I had a right to refuse to check it, I would feel justified in rethinking my commitment to

the honor system. I would feel that I was being taken advantage of because of my commitment to it.

Is the situation really, as I have suggested, comparable to the chapel chart system? Not entirely, of course. But there are a good many responsible members of the college community who feel that requiring attendance at chapel is at best a necessary evil, just as speed limits are. At any rate, the honor system is too important to be risked with the thankless chore of checking on chapel attendance.

A word, perhaps belated, on the importance of the honor system. I know of no other feature of any institution that can do as much to establish an atmosphere of freedom in which people can develop into creative, independent thinkers. It is important enough to be treated with the utmost care.

III Fundamental to the whole theory of government in a free society is a cluster of concepts centering around the notion that the freedom of the individual from fear is a condition we must have, even if a rather high price has to be paid for it. This includes the notion that a man, to be creative and happy, must be free from the fear that he will be convicted of some crime of which he is not guilty. It includes the concept that a person is assumed to be innocent until proved guilty. It includes the concept that it is better to let an occasional guilty person go free than to run the risk of an innocent person being convicted. These concepts find their most direct expression in the Bill of Rights, especially the Fifth Amendment, and in the 14th Amendment to the Constitution. One of the key phrases here is "due process of law," a very important but not clearly defined concept. In its practical use as one of the conditions designed to keep the individual free from fear, free to realize himself as fully as possible, and to be as creative as possible, the term "due process" means two things to me: (1) the application of all the constitutional safeguards to the rights of the individual—right to counsel (to have someone

trained in law and uninvolved in the case as his advocate), the right to trial by jury, the right not to be compelled to testify against oneself, freedom from unusual punishment, the right to a speedy trial, etc. (2) Another aspect of "due process" is the assurance that there are legally established procedures and processes for trial, that the rules in this will not be changed or made up in the middle of the game, and that the rules are the same for everyone. This may seem to be overdoing it, but the result—that most of the people in this country have almost no fear of being punished for things they have not done or for actions not specifically forbidden by law—is invaluable as a condition for full expression of the individual, both in his own pursuits and in his criticism of the society.

The constitution of student government is clearly set up with these and other concepts of individual rights in mind. But it seems to me that those who are the active leaders in student government need to be constantly aware of the importance of leaning over backwards in an effort to be sure that there is no fear where there is no guilt. We are so accustomed to living in a society in which the machinery is operative to protect our rights and insure individual liberty that it requires a considerable effort of the imagination if we are to see the significance of this machinery and not assume that the freedom it insures is automatic. Members of the student body, especially its leaders, should do all they can to encourage thought, discussion, and reading on this subject.

I hope that I have succeeded in convincing the leaders of the student government for the coming year that they have a tough job. But I hope that I have also convinced them that the rewards for doing it well are very great ones. I wish you well, and believe I speak for the entire faculty when I say that we hope you will let us help you whenever you feel that we can advise you, listen to you, or encourage you to your advantage.

Poem I

The sand was warm and clean
and felt good beneath their bare feet
Periwinkles left tiny bubbles
as they buried under the wet sand
She ran ahead
playfully teasing the waves
and called to him
her lithe body only a slight shadow
a youthful mockery
to the hovering, massive sand hills

—SARAH ANN JENNETTE

Poem II

The stinging sand forms yellow whorls
as rising winds whip
a hearing sea of waves to foam
Against a cloud-dark sky
dunes rise like monstrous grey lumps
and in their shadow
a lone figure stands
Finally the rain comes
hesitant at first—like choked tears—
then falling shamelessly

—SARAH ANN JENNETTE

THE WATCH

by Ann Wilder

Round and tiny, the face of the watch was encased in gleaming gold. Delicate Roman numerals showed through under the flawless crystal, and tiny hands pointed to the hour of five. A graceful band of small, circular links held the watch to its owner's wrist as she bent her arm to check the time.

Five o'clock. Time to go home. It took ten minutes to walk to the subway and a five-minute wait to catch the train uptown. There was no chance for dawdling along the street, looking in the windows, or stopping at the drugstore to get a magazine. A fifteen-minute subway ride put her within walking distance of the apartment so that she would arrive there at approximately a quarter till six by her watch. She knew that it showed the correct time. It had always shown the correct time—ever since she had first put it on two years ago. As a much-desired graduation present, she had cherished it from the first moment of possession. There was not a scratch on the crystal, such good care she had taken of it. The gold link band looked lovely on her wrist. But best of all it kept perfect time, enabling her to be punctual for work, appointments, or dates. In fact, all her waking hours she lived by that small, round face with the slender Roman numerals. From fifteen-minute coffee breaks to Saturday-morning appointments at the hairdresser's; from evening concerts to eleven o'clock church on Sunday, the watch monitored her life with its smoothly running, intricately designed movements.

When the owner of that relentlessly ticking mechanism returned to the apartment she shared with a friend, she noted that half an hour could be allowed to get supper on the table—this was her week to cook—and still there would be sufficient time to dress for her date with a young man named Hugh. Although he was ten minutes late, Hugh was forgiven, since his well-worn timepiece was running precisely fourteen minutes slow. Hastily synchronizing his watch with the feminine one he had come to know was always correct, he escorted the owner of that mechanical chaperone to the show. The evening did not seem as pleasant as usual. First of all, the cab driver made poor time in the Friday evening traffic; they arrived at the theater twenty minutes after the curtain had gone up. After the show, it took them much longer than usual to be waited on at the restaurant. And to top it off, there was hardly a cab to be had when Hugh wanted to take her home. Through it all, the little golden watch steadily ticked off the minutes showing the often inquiring eyes exactly how much time had elapsed beyond a

reasonable wait. Hugh acknowledged that this had been an evening unusually filled with delays, once the fact had been pointed out to him. He also sympathetically agreed that eight hours sleep was essential to good health and appearance. Therefore, he did not press the point when that model of punctuality told him she could not possibly ask him in tonight for a cup of coffee. She did, however, allow him time to make arrangements to pick her up at eleven in the morning, exactly one hour after her appointment at the hairdresser's, to drive to the mountains, weather permitting.

The day was made for mountain climbing, amateur style. Fresh and cool, it was exciting for a girl who had lived in the city two years and had never been to these particular mountains. In coming to a busy, urban way of life with its complex time schedule, she had suppressed a certain longing to see the hills she had grown up among. She had determinedly thrust her rural upbringing in the far background. And so these green, cool hills that were called mountains by the city dwellers brought back a certain nostalgia which was not far from delightful.

Hugh was informed that his three-hour estimate of the time it would take to reach the mountains had been reduced, in fact, by one half of an hour. This information really did not seem to move him as he suggested that they park the car and take a certain trail up the hillside.

The path was rocky and grew steeper as they neared the top. But the thrill of recollection made the climb seem almost effortless. How long had it been since the young woman had hiked as a girl in the hills near home? Five hundred miles had not erased the memories, she discovered. Some of the same wild flowers and shrubs grew in these woods, too. Suddenly, she was anxious to reach the top of the mountain, to survey the countryside and compare it with that which she already knew. In her haste to climb faster she stumbled on a loose stone and fell. Laughing at her awkwardness, she allowed Hugh to help her up. They both stopped to catch their breath and sat for a while on a huge rock, watching the constantly changing sun patterns on the ground as a mountain breeze disturbed the leaves above. The rustle of the wind in the trees along with an occasional twitter of birds was the only sound that broke the stillness. The two climbers in that moment of rest were aware, as if for the first time, of the quiet. The mood was warm and peaceful, one which caused hazy memories to stir and awaken in the recesses of the mind—childhood picnics, hikes, and wanderings. Refreshed, Hugh and the girl started up the trail again. A few yards and they would be at the summit.

The very highest projection was a shelf of rock which barely supported two people. They stood atop the crag and looked down. Glimmering blue lakes, dark green mountainsides, lighter green fields and pastures, and ribbons of asphalt patterned the country below in a harmonious design, unified in its own natural balance. Deep blue punctuated with white cloud shapes culminated the view. A sense of weightlessness and of serenity dominated the two onlookers.

The setting sun brought the two to an awareness of oncoming night. They started back down the trail. As they approached the car, the girl thought of

THE WATCH

the city for the first time in several hours. And then, with a sudden feeling of heaviness, a descending to earth and back to the existence of hours and minutes, she realized that she had actually lost track of time for that brief interval. And automatically inclining her head she glanced at her watch.

Staring for a moment at the shattered crystal and bent gold of the small, round case, she cried, "Look, Hugh, I've ruined my watch!"

"I know," he quietly replied.

Each Forest Drift

Each forest drift streams softer than the last
As each rebuff rolls rounder to the dawn.
World weary I search the never-ever land
Somewhere through flaked fields
And azure sky-sea space
Shunning the saccharine pseudo life-love
Ever to strive to seek to find
The why I am and what and where and why am I.
The lane beckons as the shore pulls
The foam-filled wave to its breast.
Magnetized by an invincible force
I must go striving to seek and seeking to strive
Ever onward for the eternal answer.
Encompass me in granite golden walls
Sealing me with stars that from their nightly vigil
Unabashedly kiss deceit.

—HARRIET HOUSTON

Civilization

There was a time once when God was bored
And so he created the world
And scattered some living cells here and there.

The cells multiplied and intermixed
And eventually they made up people, animals,
and things
And some people were called Jews and some
were not.

Those who were not would assimilate with
others and gradually lose their identity
But the Jews did not.

Then Jesus, a Jew, was born
And he lived for about thirty-three years and
then he was killed
For people seemed to be against him.

Two thousand years have passed and the Jews
still exist
And we still torture and kill them
And chase them out of our countries.

Because civilized man needs a scapegoat.

—CINDY TROBAUGH

Ill-Will Ambassadors

by Mary Brooks Yarborough

To say I believe that people going out of the country should be carefully screened, or at least indoctrinated, may sound like a strong statement—perhaps not only strong but absurd.

It is not absurd. For when you have been abroad and seen the Ugly American himself, you wonder if any measure is too strong to prevent his ruining the good will established by those who show the rest of the world a warm and sincere America. One rude American in an otherwise unassuming and appreciative group of tourists is the worm in the apple. The rest of the fruit may appear all right, but you are a bit hesitant to try it.

The rude American can't be hidden by the rest of the group either; for he very often seems to be the ostentatious one in the crowd. I remember standing on the docks at Southampton waiting to board the ship. We had been waiting about 20 minutes for the officials to check our boarding cards. When the angry American arrived at the counter, you knew it; you could hear his insulting remarks, his cursing the steamship company because of the delay. Perhaps the wait could have been avoided. But when twelve hundred passengers are being bedded down for a seven-day voyage, twenty minutes is not a noticeable time in the efficient procedure.

I turned to the American behind me and said that at that moment I was ashamed to be an American. Calmly he answered, "Don't worry about him. You have always tried to be

as diplomatic as possible, haven't you? Well, don't worry."

But the diplomacy of one or a few will not cover the trail the tactless American has trampled across Europe. What will cover it up? Nothing—once it has been made.

I remember also hearing on my trip the most tactless remark I have ever heard. An American was telling a Frenchman about his tour.

"And did you enjoy it?" asked the Frenchman.

"Yes," answered the American. "But I had to get used to a lower standard of living as do all Americans when they go abroad."

One or two experiences of this sort and you understand why we are not the most beloved of the world's people. It would be easier to understand why we would be the most despised.

I have no solution for this problem of sour international relations. It may never be possible or practical to check travelers on a large scale before they go abroad, to make sure they won't be poor ambassadors. It won't be necessary if we begin on the smallest level — ourselves. We must remember that in many places we are the first and possibly the last American some people may see. To those people, we are America. If each of us remembered that we speak for America each time we open our mouth in a foreign country, I believe the American Ambassador of ill will would soon vanish.



THE FIRST DAY OF SPRING . . .



by Jane Paden

Their hushed voices and bundled forms are gone now. Outside, a pesky winter wind is rattling the window panes, and a troubled oak is scratching the outside walls of my 'rose room'. It's cold—but I can't seem to find my shawl—wonder where I put it? Wish the children would turn up the thermostat. I hate to ask them though; I feel like such a burden. Today is the first day of Spring—you'd never guess it, though, to look. Last Wednesday's snow still clumps in the shaded spots and yesterday's report says we're soon to have more. I hope not . . .

My real name is Mary Arline Cathcart, though I sign all my letters Pokey Decrepit Hardhead. I like that—it sounds like me. Several years ago I had to give up working in my flower beds. They were lovely, all the neighbors said, and silently I would agree. Many of my favorites have died since, and like most unattended gardens, the weeds have taken over—those ugly things. I have stayed in the house since then due to poor circulation in my legs, and ulcers now and then have been a dreadful hold-back. Many a tear has fallen because I can't do more, for it hurts so to have others do for me. For this reason I call myself Pokey and Decrepit. Three years ago I took a tumble down the stairs. I scared my children half to death. When I got up I looked as though I'd been in a good fight and gave much work to the plasterer who came to mend the wall. This is where Hardhead came from. Until two years ago I prepared most of the meals, though I am no 'cook lover,' but it did keep me out of mischief. I have made many quilts for my family, do all the mending, and make my own clothes along with many things for Ruth and Jane. I taught Jane, 'the little rascal,' how to sew at the age of five. You know, age does funny things to people. I'm not pretty any more. Many years ago I walked erect with a flawless smile, or so they say, defying age to change me. I never wanted to grow old—and even though my back is now bent and I am wrinkled and full of aches and pains, I still have the spirit of that mischievous young girl. That won't ever change. My life is a book of many pages—my eyes have watched history made.

Back in 1863 my mother and father were married in New York. The Moores, my mother's parents, were not pleased to have their only daughter brought to a farm in Virginia. In those days there was only a house here and there. The only community for miles was a Post Office, a country store at Ball's Crossroads, and a blacksmith shop with a school room over it.

My grandfather, Cooper Corbett, had twelve children. He gave each of them a home of their own choosing. My father chose a hundred-acre farm here in Alexandria County. Our farm is where Buckingham is now. Just this

side of the Safeway Store where the big oak stands was our dear little farm home. My father always wanted to have a farm with all kinds of fruits and vegetables. Our farm had two large barns, a hen house, pig pen, and barnyard. Mules, horses, cows, chickens, ducks and pigs were all a part of our family. The place was all in pines, so cutting them and stump pulling was in order. My father was a lawyer and inventor. He invented the first stump puller. He loved children: first was a boy Edgar; next December 19, 1866, along I came. I've heard that I was an ugly red baby. I had three other brothers; one died of diphtheria in babyhood. My father was delighted to have a girl. When I was old enough to go about he had a little chair for me in front of him in the buggy, and Arline had to go wherever he went. He called me Al. All of his children had to have boys' names.

There have been many changes all around this county in the past ninety-three years. Arlington as it is called now has built up so—why now I could get lost in it. Where the highway was cut through at Torreyson's Station my father used to go hunting. We often had birds for dinner. He most always shot us a wild turkey there for Thanksgiving and Christmas. Now I think back, after my father was taken—how we had to work to make ends meet. Most of the money had gone with the burning of our nice brick home my father had built and his doctor's bills. My mother had an English couple come to work for us. He took care of the farm and Mrs. Holand, his wife, helped in the house wherever needed. We had a colored man all the time. Either he or Mr. Holand would take things from the farm and sell them in Washington. Many lima beans have I shelled and tied up asparagus in bunches. The men would bring the apples, pears and peaches in and we would sort them into baskets and boxes for market. My grandfather would get me up at five in the morning to pick grapes and be ready for the colored women who came at six. He said they always did better when I was with them for I was a fast picker. The grapes were sold to Xander, the wine man. There was always plenty of work, but we enjoyed it. I was only nine when my father died and at thirteen my mother was taken. Little money was ours, no foolish things were purchased, I tell you. I remember one Christmas, when Seab, my youngest brother, and I were the only ones at home. We had twenty-five cents each to spend. I can't remember what we bought but it was a happy Christmas all the same.

I started to school when I was eight years old. I had been taught some at home first. The school was located over Mr. George Mortimer's blacksmith shop. Mr. James Clements was our teacher. He was mean and few of us had much to do with him. He used to punish us by whipping us over the shoulders with green switches that he had the boys go out and cut. Sometimes the boys would ring the sticks, that is: cut rings around them so that when he would strike them over our shoulders, they would fly to bits. As a rule if that happened he would send them out for more. In cherry time the boys would go gather cherries, for the fun of eating them and to give to others they liked. One day, instead of getting back at one o'clock, they returned at two. Of course Mr. Clement's whips were ready, and the boys were ordered up for punishment. They had put leaves in their hats and then

cherries to the brims. On their way to the front of the room three of their hats were placed on my desk. I always hid my face in my hands on my desk when this happened for I didn't like to see them whipped. In his anger he whipped too hard and there were many scars and blood as a result. The parents were much provoked and took him to court for it. Many of us were sent to other schools. Because of this I found myself walking four miles each day, to and from school. Now it seems hard for kids to walk two blocks.

The latter part of 1880 I was sent to Saratoga, New York, to live with a schoolmate of my mother's. She had made my mother promise that if anything happened to her that she wanted Arline. She also persuaded my mother to include her name, Adlade, in mine, — so that it was Mary Arline Adlade—but Adlade was soon dropped after I lived there awhile. Some of my most unhappy times were spent in Saratoga. I didn't like Mrs. Brice from the start. I found that she was untrue to her husband, who was away three weeks every month. Then was her time to sport with other men and use me as a cloak. She always sent me on errands when her gentlemen friends would come. She sent me to a private school, but I was too blue to study. Their coachman helped me every night with my lessons. He said: "Child, watch your step; this is not the right home for a good girl." I scared up courage and told Mrs. Brice that I was going back home. I had a cousin in New York who came for me.

I spent one of the happiest months of my life in New York. I got acquainted with an old man about eighty-five years old who was always on his front porch when I passed by, so I spent many hours with him. He had a grandson with a nice pony and cart, and off we would go for rides. One day we were passing a graveyard and saw fresh earth. We saw two things that turned out to be handles on a casket. Kid-like, we handled them and dug in the earth a little; our hands had the queerest smell. We went to a little lake nearby to wash them; luck would have it as I only used one hand so I had to drive all the way home with the other. His Mother had a time washing our hands.

Home I came, nearing my sixteenth birthday. I returned to our little county school. We had a strange teacher, named Kidwell. There were two rows of seats back of the stove. It was there he put the older kids. Blanche Schutt and I sat on one and the boys sat on the opposite side, and did I take pleasure in bumping them on their noses when we had gym exercise. I have seen Mr. Kidwell laugh when he should have punished me. He boarded with Mrs. Albert Douglass. He told her that he liked Arline but she was so full of mischief and did not know what to do.

We had to raise some money for something, and it was decided that a concert was in order. He told us older ones to get it up. Blanche and I put forth to do our best—and it turned out pretty good. One thing I remember, I begged little Will Farlee to be my black-boy. I'll try to tell it briefly. We had tall shelves with pots and pans and a cake on the very top. The little colored boy was up on a ladder with his hands on the cake when the curtain opened. The curtain was closed and all the pots and pans fell, making an awful racket. When the curtain reopened, the darkie was there among the

pots and pans holding the cake and I, the black Mammy with red bandanna and gingham apron, holding a switch in my hand. I was as black as you make them. This caused such an applause we had to repeat it. Don't you know—my Arthur Cathcart walked back out to see the full play. That good man had his eye on me, he said, from the first time he saw me. He was a city boy playing the organ at the Western Presbyterian Church. Having his eye on a country girl caused a bit of talk. Every town, even Arlington, had its gossips.

Seab, who was eight years younger than I, on one occasion played truant from school. The teacher wrote a note from school asking what had happened to him. He did not want to tell when I asked him—I sent him upstairs to put on his nightclothes and told him I would be up shortly to whip him. I did, and he went to bed without supper that night. A terrible storm came up that evening and sure enough, next day he said, "Arline, I can't go to school." He had many excuses for not going. I said, "You will go if I have to whip you all the way." He didn't believe me. When I started out after him, he finally turned and said, "Arline, if you'll go back, I'll go back to school and never do this again." Poor dear, in years to come, he would always say that was the turning point in his life. We never had any more troubles and we were always the best of buddies. How I have missed him—he died a few years ago of cancer. Our school days were happy ones, but we never seem to realize it until too late. Funny how little things mean more to us as we grow older.

This winter we've had so much snow. I so wanted a white Christmas for my children this year, but it had to wait till almost spring. Oh! how cold the winters used to be. I remember, we had a nice little coal stove in the living room and a kitchen stove. No oil burners or furnaces for us. We used mostly wood. In very cold weather we would use coal. There used to be much more snow. The young people loved to skate and go sleighing. I was a cold sort of a critter, so it wasn't much my sport. The boys kept after me to skate; one day, they pulled me on the frozen pond—before I knew it, I had fallen and cracked the ice. My brother Ed was furious, but the other boys stood up for me. I think I always had more boy friends than girls.

Poor Hal Walen's nose. Hal was a large boy. He and I were like brother and sister. Well, Hal was quite a bully at times. This time he hit little Will Hurst and hurt him. Will began to cry. Hal was about to hit him again. I put my parcels down on the ground. "Now," I said, "if you hit him again, I'll hit you," so the fight was on, and I knew nothing about fighting. Anyway, I hit him—good and hard. The next day Mr. Walen told me I had broken his son's nose. We both had a good laugh. You see, I was a girl with three brothers—they thought I had to do the same as they. I played marbles till my knuckles bled. I never got into playing ball, though, and I never could milk the cows—that was some other person's job.

Mr. and Mrs. Walen were like Father and Mother to me and I loved them dearly. They had made up their minds that Hal and I must marry—but such a thing never entered my mind. There was but one for me, that was my dear Arthur Cathcart. When Hal came up to our house to invite me to a

birthday party, he asked, "Arline, are you really engaged to Mr. Cathcart?" and when I said yes, he got up and left for home without another word. They asked him at home if I were coming. He said yes. They tried to find out just what made him so dopey; finally they gave him a dose of castor oil and sent him to bed. About an hour before I arrived he told his mother I was going to marry Mr. Cathcart. They both sat down and cried. Did you ever hear of two such fools? Poor Hal, after a year or so he married Viola Bell—but sad to say, it was not a happy marriage. They had a son and daughter. Later Viola refused to live with Hal and lived alone on Wilson Boulevard. He died first and was buried at Glenwood Cemetery with his parents and Miss Gussie Pierce. Hal's wife died later and was buried with her people.

Arthur and I were married, October 22, 1886, in our little Presbyterian Church. I've grown up with that church. I can remember when we met above the blacksmith shop and sat on planks and nail kegs. We roamed about somewhat in Philadelphia and New York. When Arthur and I came back to Washington, we lived in part of Mother Cathcart's house. Ethel was born there. She died at the age of fourteen of heart trouble. A few years later we moved into a little frame house out here. We had a big time cleaning and fixing it up, for all sorts had lived in it. A friend of my mother's thought it terrible for us to live in it, but a dear old soul we called Aunt Kate Poole said, "Leave them be—they are young and it is better for them to be alone and work things out for themselves." It was an uphill pull but we were so happy. Of course those days we hadn't any conveniences. We carried all the water from Syfrid's Spring. Wonderful good water! The spring was at least three city blocks from our little shanty. Mr. Robert Veitch loaned us a yoke that fit right back of the neck and shoulders—I would like a nickel for every bucket I have carried. We had a colored woman who washed for us, but I had to carry most of the water.

In those days there was no way to get anywhere except to hitch up our horse and drive. I used to drive Arthur to and from work at the Navy-yard each day. Often the mud would come up to the hubs of the wheels on our Dayton. While he was at work I did the ironing, sewing and cooking. Yes, I was busy and happy, for we had love for one another. I have been married seventy-four years, but my mate is in heaven. I have missed him terribly. Each night in my prayers I've told him that I would be with him soon. I kept my promise—you see, I died today. It was a strong sort of feeling. Last night I wanted to write, but I had no paper. I had so much I wanted to say. When I found the paper my old hand had forgotten how. I knew it wouldn't be long then, as my hands have never failed me before. I felt life leave my feet and arms. I went as I had wanted to, just breathed less and went off to a peaceful sleep. It was so easy—and at last I'm free! Now I lie in my rose room. Tonight there are many faces I haven't seen in years. They've all come to say good-bye, all in black. They don't understand—they've put cosmetics on my face and curled my long grey hair—that's something new. The crepe's cold—such extravagance. My friends say I look so young. One lady said I looked as if I were smiling about something. I am.

The Village Wall

She waits beside the village wall
The cool, rough stones press
through the thin cotton of her blouse
as she leans heavily
against their crumbling grayness
Her bare feet are restless
in the loose, brown dirt
and her hands finger nervously
a tiny white flower just behind her ear
The wetness of sinking dusk
glistens on the china-wood leaves above her
She watches the narrow mud road
eagerly scanning the passers-by
The people are few, now
for it is late
and the men have all gone from the fields
The stillness is broken only by distant laughter
of dark-skinned children
Her breath is low
and troubled
She pulls the flower from her hair
and drops the fragrant petals
one by one
into the dust

—SARAH ANN JENNETTE

Modern Culture and the Machine Age

by Anne Carmichael

Today's business man, according to Thorstein Veblen, author of *The Theory of Business Enterprise*, has become a being of economic proportions whose purpose in a world of machine production is to secure for himself pecuniary gain through capital investments. The man who is successful in this enterprise becomes a controlling factor in the industrial process and a leading figure in a world in which an entire culture has become standardized by focus on this one aim. The book expounds the various facets of this new focus and then points out the strong hold which this business emphasis has upon numerous phases of life.

The machine process, with its standard parts and processes, requiring standard raw materials, and putting out standard goods, is the subject of modern business. The object is to use and manipulate the machines and the men who run them in order that the business man may accrue the largest monetary gain. This manipulation is above and apart from the workings of the machines in the individual firms; and thus Veblen comes to recognize both the business, or administrative level, and the industrial, or mechanical level in the new society. Yet the two are so closely bound together that the author compares them to a gigantic mechanical process in which a disturbance in one part sets off reactions throughout the whole.

The necessity for maintaining a balance between the numerous members making up the industry has produced the business man who handles the closely-knit operations through

monetary transactions. By creating disturbances in the industrial balance, Veblen describes how the business man has learned to make profits for himself; and finding these gains desirable, he has ceased to consider the effects of his maneuvers on the community and has continued disturbing the industrial process at his own prerogative. Industry becomes the tool of the business man, and he forgets to consider the needs and desires of those men without whom industry would and could not exist.

Since profit is the aim, the business man has found it to his advantage to combine parts of industry that there might be greater control over prices and gains. Against other coalitions, competitive selling has been enhanced by advertising, with little thought given to the added costs which this places on the consumers.

Property, Veblen states, is considered for its earning-capacity. It is accepted that there must be a steady increase in the profit from investments; and to gain more investments, man seeks to increase his wealth through the use of credit. For this reason, the business man's holdings are based on his capital plus all of the credit he can obtain on it. This, the author argues, does the community little good; for instead of actually increasing the amount of goods that can be used in production, it merely transfers the purchasing power from lender to borrower.

Another distinctive feature of credit is that it is self-perpetuating. As credit expands, the value of property goes up and forms the collateral for additional credit. Thus the earning-capacity of a firm is based on capital plus the

expanded credit. It eventually becomes difficult to distinguish any difference between what is capital and what is not.

The capitalization of an industry, as Veblen sees it, is based not on property used in production but on the earning-capacity of the firm. Actually this basis of capital is composed to a large degree of intangible elements such as good-will, patents, or franchises. The business man who trades capital of this psychological origin holds in his power the ability to enhance or decrease the apparent values of his wares by withholding or releasing information pertinent to the buyer. This is done with no consideration of the repercussions the transactions will have upon the people served by the industry being so guided.

From his explanation of some of the factors and workings of the modern business enterprise, Veblen turns to some of the effects which this new emphasis has upon the culture of the individuals around which it revolves. Periods of prosperity, depression, and crisis have become the result of normal business practices. The real difference between these dull and prosperous times which have become so significant to our national well-being is simply a change in price levels; for there is little actual change in the amount of material goods available. A prominent characteristic of these periods is the development of a discrepancy between the earning-capacity and the capitalization of an industry.

A depression, the more nebulous of the fluctuations, is harder to analyze simply for the reason that people have long approached it as a problem from the industrial standpoint rather than from the business level where the initial disturbances which set off all of the periods begin. The depression is largely due to low prices brought on by the efficiency of standardized industry and by the excess competition of new firms. This lower price period tends to become chronic and can only be successfully cured by doing away with the competition.

Today's working man has fallen prey to the

business leaders, Veblen continues. These giants of industry have interpreted the "natural rights" of man to be property rights through which profits are to be made and have left the worker with little initiative, incentive, or convictions of his own. He who operates the machines of business has lost the arts of thinking, reasoning, or invention. The advantage of ownership of property is lost to him, and the worker joins a union in order to offer a protest against the advantages of the "natural rights" which are so profitable to the business man. This, Veblen insists, is drawing much of society into the powers of socialism, in which the state and property ownership will disappear.

Society (or those with sufficient power to influence it) strides forward to seek economic gains. This ambition, says Veblen, leaves no room for personal morals, piety, or freedom. Life and all of its institutions of law, government, education, and religion are guided by business minds. The bywords have become conformity and discipline. This passion for profits has led the seekers beyond their national boundaries; and entire governments have taken up arms against those nations threatening their ability to accomplish this principal purpose.

Veblen closes his thoughts with a question as to which direction society will follow as time advances. Perhaps the nations will grow into military states, seek the benefits of socialism, or revert to society as it existed before the machine. Whichever the case, the author feels that the business man with his controlling hand over industry and all other phases of life is too alien to the mass of contention to be able to retain his superior position.

The author of the theories and thoughts contained in this book speaks a great deal of truth, especially as he concentrates upon the effects of living in a business world. Though he writes of situations of the very early twentieth century, the standardization of goals, rights, and actions around economic gains is apparent in the average individual today. Modern society has lost much of its incentive to progress in other directions, and a lack of

self-guiding principles is obviously a distinct problem.

The business principles, as Veblen presents them, however, may bear a few modifying thoughts. Though he agrees with a number of other economic theorists, it seems too extreme a measure, when considering the classes into which society has fallen, to completely ignore the men who fall into neither the business giant nor the industrial workman class. The activities of these individuals, though influenced by economic betterment, it is true, seem to be a stabilizing force which has conserved some of the ambition to think, learn, and live a more widely integrated type of life.

Veblen also leaves a number of somewhat pertinent questions insufficiently answered for the reader. What is a more definite explanation of the "initial disturbances" which play such an important part in business fluctuations, and how are they instigated? How does he reconcile his theory that men desire predominantly economic goods and base their lives around this factor and his assertion that "The industrial

classes appear to be losing the instinct of individual ownership"? If the business influence is having such a derogatory effect upon society, what situation would he consider a more satisfactory one? He seems to have a very impersonal attitude toward both of the alternatives which he says time may bring. If a discrepancy between the capitalization and the earning-capacity be a feature of inflation, crisis, and deflation, what then is the real cause of these fluctuations?

The strong points of the books, and those which have undoubtedly helped to give it its prominence, are his discussion of credit expansion, his assertion that the men who control the machines are becoming little more effective than machines themselves, and his conception of the economic basis of international strife. Through these and other arguments, it is apparent that Veblen accomplishes well his aim to convey to the reader the effects of the business and machine age upon modern culture.

A Valediction

The subtle eye alone can trace the loss
Of childhood's fleeting grace. Tame skills
 impeach
The frolic randomness; our sober speech
Fines out the golden wonder-words, leaves
 dross.
Only our expectations compensate:
We mark the gains, and in our haste
Lead on the youth, not reckoning the waste
That squanders what no one can duplicate.
The grace thus granted cannot long remain:
Its memory alone abides, moment
By moment overlaid with changing face;
Or fixed forever, etched in acid pain.
 Grim, but not greater, is the amercement
 Death claims in grief at loss of childish
 grace.

—STUART CURRIE

THE SUN WAS SHINING

by Linda Venning

The day was hot, sticky, overcast. I felt a little cramped sitting on the three suitcases in the back seat of the car, but I was quite oblivious to these discomforts because I liked looking around and recognizing the old landmarks and changes in the countryside that I hadn't seen for so long.

Although it had been ten years since I had traveled this road, I remembered it well. The Rutledge farm was on the left, and to the right I could see the shadowy outlines of the old barn where I had seen my first colt. To the far right was the muddy clay creek which Grandmother and I had laughingly named "sparkling waters" because they were anything but!

We rounded a curve, and there, rising out of the gloom was the big house, just as I recalled it. The long windows gleamed, iron lanterns shone at the gate, the polished oak door was ajar and the redness of an open fire could be seen within. It was a thoroughly welcoming picture, in direct contrast with the dimness and meaning of the day.

I could almost see Grandmother walking across the tiled patio to greet us, with her arms outstretched and that familiar smile on her face. For the first time her death seemed an actuality, a personal injury, rather than a vague hurt.

Aunt Julie came out of the door, looking a little tired, but glad to see us. Mother and Father got out of the car. I felt an intense desire to crouch there in the back seat, so that I wouldn't have to go into the house where surely I would find even more to hurt me. But admonishing myself with a reminder that I was quite old enough to face things, I stepped out of the car and went to the front door where everyone was standing.

Mother and Daddy were talking quietly with Aunt Julie, so I slipped past them and went into the wide front hallway. I stood there for a moment, just wondering what to do; then turning suddenly, I went up the curving stairs to the large blue room at the top.

I braced myself and opened the door; I'm not sure what I expected. Even in the dull light of this day, the room was the same as it had been before. The canopy bed had a white hemstitched quilt on it. The soft curtains were tied back with their usual periwinkle ribbon. The austere picture of my grandfather was in its customary place over the small mahogany desk. Yes, the furniture was the same. But the room was so bleak, so still and unlined in, it was as if my grandmother had never stayed there.

Then the bookcase caught my eye. It was tiny and of white wrought-iron. There was a deep red book out of place. As I took hold of it to straighten it, I saw that it was a copy of Milton's poems, a book my grandmother had loved. It opened automatically to a well-worn page—*Lycidas*, the famous elegy that Milton had written for his friend. The last two verses were underlined. They read:

At last he rose, and twitch'd his Mantel blew:
Tomorrow to fresh Woods, and Pastures new.

At once I realized that that was the way Grandmother had gone, with a shake of her small alert head, that there must have been something else for her to do, new experiences to meet, perhaps others to welcome and make happy instead of us.

I closed the book, and going downstairs, I noticed that the sun was shining.

To T. W.

O proud prolific poet!
O, Lost!
Along what dark passages did you grope,
And what highroads tread;
What coign did you not explore,
Or heart not probe
In your vain yet impassioned quest—
Always to be denied
The thing you craved?

The fruit of your pen
Is bittersweet;
And I lament the irony.
For now you have what once you wept.

—AMELIA ALEXANDER

December Thirty First

Acrid evening mist
 scudding.
Chimney smoke
 torn from sad day
Closing doors
 on sight of aged cat
Creeping
 toward phantom barn
Going home.

O tormented wind
 knife these angular walls
(Baby's wail, thin, lost
 in infancy)
Scream, slash
 impoverished walls bare!
(Souls draw near
 inspire, die.
When did it all begin? Why?)

Huddle closer, dear
 my heart is warm.
Listen,
 hear the mad day
Fling his dying hand
 across demented space?
Yes, he too is of our race
 closing doors
Going home.

—ULMONT IVES

THE REPRIEVE

by Marilyn Hackett

"Everybody help yourself to a drink and then sit down," the hostess announced brightly. "We're going to play a game."

Goody, Eric Wagner thought glumly. Why can't I just sit here and nurse my ulcer and drink my milk and find out if this brunette is as smart as she looks?

The brunette sat down next to him on the yellow sectional sofa, crossed her legs, took an unladylike gulp of Scotch and soda, and gave him a provocative look through her black-rimmed glasses.

Wagner sighed in disappointment and wished he could have gone home right after the play. He hated opening night parties anyway, with their forced gaiety and agonizing wait for notices. The tension made for all sorts of unpleasant situations. He'd only come because somebody from the agency had to be on hand to pat backs or wipe noses, and it was his turn.

The hostess perched on an ottoman in front of the TV and opened a flat rectangular box. Holding up a sheaf of large cards with ink blots on them, she said, "This is a new psychological game. Everybody take a pencil and a piece of paper, and when I show you each card, write down what you see in it—you know, just whatever it reminds you of. This is what psychologists use to analyze people with. You know, the Rorschach ink blot test? Then after you finish I'll take up your papers and analyze you." She giggled nervously.

Wagner sighed and took a piece of paper and a pencil. He could see that the hostess was pleased with herself. Looking around the room, he saw mixed reactions. Some showed polite

interest; others looked dubious or bored; those who couldn't afford analysts were enthusiastic. The brunette rumped her pixie-cut hair, yawned, and murmured huskily: "Mmmm. This should be interesting." Wagner shifted uncomfortably and sipped his milk.

The hostess held up an ink blot and lilted: "This is the first one. What do you see?" Wagner resurrected fragments of Psychology 202, trying unsuccessfully to remember what kind of responses were normal. His psyche was private; he kept it carefully protected from clients and business associates and inquisitive women, presenting to the world a gray flannel facade of conformity. He had discovered in college the technique of letting just the right amount of individualism show: enough to be interesting, but not enough to be different. At the agency he was the mild young man with good common sense and practical ideas. All the secretaries thought he was cute and wished he would settle down with a nice girl who would take care of him. He didn't know quite how he had managed to inspire this attitude of maternal tenderness in them, but he congratulated himself anyway. Designing co-workers could have been a real hindrance.

He tapped his pencil reflectively and frowned at the ink blot. He could see nothing but two snapping turtles billing and cooing, if turtles could bill and coo. Was that a popular response? He glanced over at the brunette's paper. She covered it quickly, exclaiming in arch reproof: "Play fair, now, or I'll tell teacher!" He repressed a grimace and wrote "two snapping turtles."

The next card the hostess held up looked like two imps of Satan victoriously shaking hands over a fallen, rotund figure that might be a bank president. Wagner was almost sure that wasn't a popular response, but the hostess was going too fast for him. He shrugged and wrote it down.

The next blot, a red and black one, looked like an old maid schoolteacher by Modigliani. Then in rapid succession he saw a mouse chasing an elephant, a medieval castle complete with knight, damsel, and dragon, a little boy holding a big bouquet of daggers, a rat in a maze, a mountain peak wreathed in mist, a jet fighter crashing into a tall building, a Japanese kabuki dancer, and a rose with a beetle chomping juicily on it. He was beginning to enjoy himself when the hostess ran out of cards and said: "That's all! Pass in your papers and have another drink while I score them."

Wagner rose and drifted off to get some more milk, unobtrusively placing his paper under an end table. But the hostess saw him and wagged a disapproving finger as she retrieved it and put it on top of the stack. He returned sheepishly to his seat, gathering his energy to start a conversation with the brunette, who was breathing deeply and giving him smoldering looks from beneath her lashes. She looks rather arty, he thought, so he asked: "What do you think of Dali's new mural?" If she hadn't seen it, she might at least be thrown off balance for a while. But she purred: "Mmmm. Marvelous! Imagination riding on force. Have you seen his 'Crucifixion' at the

Met?" Fortunately he had, so he made appropriate noises and allowed her to rhapsodize at will, from Dali onward and upward.

He was saved from further efforts by the hostess, who looked up from her scoring and gasped: "Why, Eric Wagner! According to this, you have the imagination of a poet or a painter! And you have a tremendous amount of repressed hostility! Do you . . . really?"

A green tide of panic engulfed him as the babble of voices stopped abruptly. He assumed a stiff grin, raised his eyebrows in hopefully simulated bewilderment, and said weakly: "Who . . . me?" He surveyed the roomful of eyes and felt his naked psyche squirm. He repeated unnecessarily: "Me?"

Then the brunette began to giggle, and the hostess began to gurgle, and one of his clients began to chuckle, and a woman he knew shrilled derisively: "Eric Wagner? Come off it! You could put Eric's imagination in your eye and not even feel it. And he wouldn't hurt a fly—even if it punched him in the nose." The laughter rose appreciatively. An ingenue suggested: "Let's send out and see if the early papers are on the street yet."

Wagner concentrated hard on not dropping his glass. The brunette propped her chin on her hand and remarked: "You know, even psychologists don't depend on those Rorschachs very much. Somehow I just don't think a game like that would work very well."

Wagner treated her to his most overpowering smile and whispered: "Honey, somehow I just don't think so either."

LADY AND GENTLEMAN

OF THE TAPROOM

HARRIET HOUSTON

The little old lady sits at the bar on the far end stool. She wears frayed furs and a knit wooly hat and holds dingy white gloves in one diamond-ringed hand and a beer glass in the other. Miss Laura turns, surveys the room, blithely throws someone a greeting, and quietly returns to reminisce as she stares into the pale, amber liquid.

A middle-aged man, known as a "forty-year-old beatnik," sits with the boys. He drinks a large draft and tells his followers how he desires to become reconciled with his wife and children. His clouded eyes are momentarily tumultuous, suddenly afire as he crowns himself with the bread-basket. And unconcerned, he gaily laughs and dramatically hums a measure from a light opera.

The lady and gentleman are taproom regulars, and you love them, and you laugh and drink with them, and hurt for them.



On the Perpetuation of Atomic Testing

by Carol Cochran

Since the first atomic bomb was exploded in Hiroshima, men have been bothered with moral questions concerning it. One is the problem of any slaughter of men by men which develops into more personalized questions: Should men work to develop such weapons? Should political leaders be permitted to control their use? Conversely, is it moral to dream that atomic secrets can be put back into Pandora's box? Must we avoid war and death "at all costs," even to the destruction of liberty?

One of the most real problems arising from these moral questions is that of the damage induced by radiation that would affect future generations. It is generally agreed that genetic damage done now by radiation would tend to persist for many centuries and even to increase. Although this genetic damage will not completely wipe out mankind, any tampering with our birthright and that of our children is not to be lightly taken.

Genetics is the study of hereditary potentialities, their origin, their transmission from generation to generation, and their manifestation in the life of the individual and the population. Every person begins life with a fixed set of these potentialities which will govern its reaction to its environment.

In the nucleus of the cell are the carriers of these potentialities, chromosomes. Arranged along these chromosomes, numbering twenty-four pairs in man, are the carriers of individual traits, genes. The human body develops from a single cell, the fertilized egg, which divides millions of times to form each cell in the body. In this reproduction, every time a cell divides,

each chromosome divides longitudinally. The genes duplicate themselves, so that two identical chromosomes take the place of the original one. It is during this duplication that mutations take place, for if a gene is damaged it will copy itself in producing another. If this mutation—which is simply the rearrangement of genes along the chromosome, a chemical change in the gene, or a change in the structure of the gene—occurs in a body cell, there may be some effect upon the individual; but if the change occurs in the germ cell a new characteristic will appear in a later generation. Thus a mutation is perpetuated, but it often does not show in the immediate generation.

In reproduction there are two genes for each characteristic. One will dominate and show itself, while the other will be recessive and remain hidden. Thus a mutation may not appear, but it will continue to exist. If the muted gene is dominant, the offspring will show it from either parent. In the case that both parents carry the recessive gene for the same trait, their child may have that characteristic. Sex-linked genes are the exception.

There are two categories of mutations that are microscopically detectable in chromosome structure. First is the gene mutation that has been explained. Second is the chromosomal mutation, or aberration, which causes visible changes in inherited characteristics; these may cause reduced fertility or may be lethal in that they would prevent the development of the embryo.

Contrary to popular belief, mutants are not always freaks. As tailless cats and persons with

extra fingers are mutants, so are bald men and angora rabbits. Our foremost authority on radiation genetics, Dr. Herman Joseph Muller, feels that in more than 99% of cases the mutation of a gene produces some kind of harmful effect, some disturbance of function. The harmful effects of a mutation may be minor, as an increased susceptibility to a disease, or a decrease in life expectancy by a few weeks; they may be more serious, as death in the embryonic stage or the inability to produce children. It is apparent, therefore, that such genes will be eliminated from the population. A slightly deleterious mutant gene may persist much longer and thereby do more harm, although of a less severe nature, to a larger number of individuals.

Normal frequency of chromosomal aberrations and gene mutations is low, but can be increased by higher than normal temperatures, certain chemicals, and radiation.

Strontium 90 produces genetic effects of little significance. This isotope tends to accumulate in the skeleton. Since it emits only Beta particles, no gamma rays, the dose to the reproductive organs is almost negligible. This is true of other fission products possibly concentrated in the body. Conversely, gamma rays are of extreme danger. They are at all levels of exposure capable of producing genetic effects.

There is no complete recovery from the effects of radiation upon genes. In the U. S. Scientific Laboratory at Los Alamos, it was found that if mice were not bred until some time after exposure, the chromosomal aberrations were reduced. Therefore, these aberrations would be greatly reduced if the subjects wait to beget for three or four months after their exposure. However, there seems to be no reduction in gene mutations. It is agreed by all geneticists that there is no genetically "safe" dose of radiation.

Gene mutations induced by radiation do not differ from those occurring spontaneously. It is impossible to determine in any particular instance whether the change happens naturally or is due to radiation. It is only the frequency with which the mutation occurs that is increased by radiation. Mutations are produced in direct proportion to radiation, but there is dispute as to whether radiation exposure is strictly additive over time. Earlier experiments have indicated that increased frequency of mutation and their number occur in direct proportion to the dose, whether it be given all at once or in individual doses. Results of the recent experiments of Dr. Muller contradict this. He believes now that the effect, still resulting, is less severe if the doses are divided. This is one point upon which even the Genetics Committee of the National Academy of Science cannot reach an agreement.

These observations are all theoretical. Experiments have to be made using mice and fruit flies, because they produce rapidly and their chromosomes are easily observed. The slow rate at which humans multiply render correct observations difficult to make on the results of the bombings several years ago. And so, theories must be drawn from experimentation upon animals other than the human, and the ideas must be suitably adjusted to fit the environment. Then they are theoretically applied to the human life.

Radiation does not induce new and terrible mutations. It does, though, increase greatly the frequency at which they normally occur; they persist for many centuries and may even increase. For these reasons our descendants will blame us if we do not limit ourselves as much as possible.

"It will not profit us to gain the world if we thereby lose ourselves." (H. J. Muller, *Saturday Review*, June 9, 1956, p. 37)

Resuscitation

After all the locked and lost
Years of youth
When all the schemed and sought after
Have vanished in the red-dewed horizon
For the luke-torrid gamble
Failed
Like a gulping ocean failed to link
The span
From bit-blue end to bit-blue end—
Again
After all the years
The eternal question arises
For once forgotten and forborne
Like all the valid of the yesteryears
But once more arises and assumes to be
The quiddity of existence
And suddenly there is an ominous pool of ripe
refreshment
That whirls and sucks Life into Life
Like rest-rain on a dying land.

—HARRIET HOUSTON

THE LONG NARROW HALL

by Brenda Blackwelder

I came to work at the hospital in 1932 because there were no other jobs available. The pay was fairly reasonable, and I couldn't be choosy because I was self-supporting.

The mentally ill always disgusted me. It was hard to believe that anyone could be so senseless. They would prattle on with their comical chatter for hours, but sometimes they would go for days without uttering a sound. I had always ignored them as much as possible, until the day they turned against me. I was looking for a bed-cover they had hidden. I spotted it stuffed in the corner of a closet. When I stepped in to get it, they closed the door and wouldn't let me out. I could hear them laughing weirdly and talking about me. They said they hated me. They seemed almost human in that horrible instant. I pounded furiously on the door. My heart was beating wildly. I screamed until my throat ached. Finally, one of the doctors came to my rescue. He laughed when I told him what had happened. He said the wind had probably blown the door shut. I felt rather foolish for a minute; but as I was leaving the room, I heard the cruel laughter of the patients.

A week later I was on night duty. It was eleven-thirty and the patients were supposed to be in bed. I was checking to see if everything was in order, when I saw a light in one of the rooms. I hurried down the dark, narrow hall. As I neared the room, the light went off. I stepped into the room and asked what the trouble was. There was no answer. I snapped on the light. Theodore Brunner, a thin man of forty-six, appeared to be asleep. I knew that he was awake, so I spoke to him again. He still did not answer. I suppose it was the nature of his mental disorder to torment others, but he held a particular grudge against me. I think it was because I had locked him in his room one day for criticizing me. From that day on, he had made my life miserable. Tonight I would show him who was boss. I walked out of the room and snapped off the light. I waited outside the door for him to turn it on again. There was a bumping noise at the other end of the hall. I rushed to see what it was, but I could find nothing. The light flashed on in Theodore's room again. By the time I got there, he had turned it off. Why were these animals plotting against me! I had done nothing to them.

The next day, when I went on duty, ten of them were congregating at the end of the hall. They were whispering. I could tell they were planning something because they became silent and stared at me as I walked up. I told them to go to their rooms immediately. One of them muttered something about an old straight-faced witch. Another said, "We'll get her tonight."

Suddenly it dawned on me that they were referring to me. I could tell by the look in their eyes that they were plotting against me. The fools did not know I wasn't on duty that night. It was almost quitting-time and I was anxious to get home, when Dr. Lewis walked up to me. He said that the other nurse was ill and would not be able to come. He asked me if I would mind staying, since I didn't have any family waiting for me. I tried to tell him what the patients were planning, but the words would not come.

That night everything was quiet. It was too quiet. I walked into Theodore's room. I knew he was not asleep, so I spoke sharply to him. When he did not answer, I shook him. He sat straight up and looked wildly around. I backed toward the door. He got up and started toward me. I screamed, "He is going to kill me!" I picked up the water-vase to protect myself. Dr. Lewis came in and tried to take it away from me, but I hit him and he fell—then I hit Theodore. Four large men came and dragged me away. I tried to tell them that Theodore was trying to kill me, but they would not listen. As they took me down the long, narrow hall, I heard Theodore say, "I was only going to turn out the light," but I knew he was lying.

I don't like being locked up in this room like an animal. I am not crazy; they are. I hate that ugly nurse.

Who Is This Man Named Job?

Who is this man named Job
That God should take the time for him
And not all others in his universe?
Is my God a biased God
Who singles out one man
For all the world and Hell to gaze upon
From pseudo stilts?
I—with scarcely half the strength of Job—
Remain unharmed and left
To boast of weakness known
To God and me.
With Satan's status and a principle at stake,
God chose the stronger man to prove his point
While lesser of the mortals cling
To unknowingness.
Did God cheat Satan?
Job questioned God,
Contemplated God,
Loved a momentarily unreciprocating God
As contemporary man can not do.
Teach me, and I will be silent;
And make me understand
How I have erred.

—JUDY SMITH

Reflections of a Retiring President

by Robbie Leckie

It seems to have become a custom in the past two years for the out-going president of the Student Government Association to share with the student body some of her reactions regarding her work with Student Government. I, too, have made some observations which I would like to share with you.

Being the president of Student Government has been an unusual and broadening experience for me this year. I have had the opportunity to work with a number of people in various capacities, and I have heard innumerable opinions on nearly any subject that might possibly arise on a college campus. As a result my reactions regarding this year are many and varied, but I believe that my primary concern is and has been the use of Student Government by *all* the students on campus. Rather than look back over this past year and point out how Student Government has been used and misused, I would like to speak for a moment on the responsibility of the student body as far as Student Government is concerned and how our use of Student Government can be improved.

Perhaps I am prejudiced, but I feel that the revision of the constitution has unlocked the door to the solution of many of our previous campus problems. Under the new constitution the organization of Student Government has been better defined, procedures have been

spelled out, duties have been delegated more evenly and properly, and in general more channels for student opinion and participation have been opened. With this complete definition the question seems to be, what do you, the students of this college community, plan to do with your Student Government? Do you plan to use it properly, or are you content to sit back, relax, and leave everything up to a few student officers? (I would like to make clear here that by Student Government I do not mean only the Student Legislature. Student Government includes the Queens Christian Association, the Recreation Association, and the class of which you are a member.)

It is sometimes easier to leave everything up to a few officers, but in the long run this attitude generally results in dissatisfaction, apathy toward everything, and complete disorder. On the other hand, Student Government can be misused. The clocks in the dorms are set by the Business Office, not by the Student Legislature; the college dietitian, not Resident Student Council, prepares the food in the dining hall; and Mrs. Kelly opens the Y-Store at 9:00 a.m., not the president of the Student Government Association. Matters of this sort should be taken up with the people directly concerned, and if they are courteously dealt with by individuals, the results are usually satisfactory or they are explained.

It is not my intention this morning to list the number of ways in which you can participate or to list the means by which you can question the value of certain policies or express your opinions, for all these things are spelled out in the Student Government constitution. In other words, it is your duty as an active member of the Student Government Association to know the constitution of this organization. I would like to say, though, that Student Legislature meetings are open to members of the student body at any time, and it is your privilege to ask that matters be discussed in student assembly. (The revision of the election system came about through ideas expressed in an assembly, and in my opinion the new system proved quite successful. Students used better judgment in the election of officers, and participation in voting was greater than it has been for several years.)

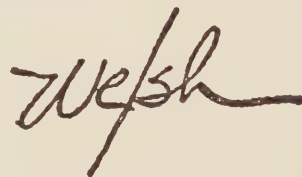
I am aware that communications on campus are not up to par; however, the possibility of a school newspaper is being investigated. Until then, use *The Flier* and read what is posted on the bulletin board in Burwell. The new officers have been encouraged to inform the groups that they represent on various councils as to the plans and activities of that council, but no one wants his efforts to be rewarded with a blank look. Your blank look kills his enthusiasm and the plans die or are carried out with little interest. Communication is a two way proposition. It is your duty to be curious as to what is going on. Question members of various groups, find out what plans are being made, offer your support. Student Government organization councils and cabinets are not secret societies; they are planning boards, and they need student ideas and support. The individual student is as necessary a part in communication as the student officers.

There is one other thing which I have observed that I would like to discuss in closing. This has to do with the attitude of the student body toward college policies or changes in college policies. By college policies I mean all

those policies which are termed faculty or academic regulations. These regulations are drawn up by people who know more than we know, and they are drawn up with the good of the student in mind. They are thought through very carefully and are based on sound principles. I have observed on several occasions that regardless of what changes are made, a number of students immediately jump to the conclusion that the change is "bad." It may seem bad at first, but if it is, things are generally straightened out in time; however, the point I am making is that this attitude is worse. It is not our right to criticize or condemn college policies or changes in college policies. In nearly all cases every effort is made to satisfy the entire college community as far as college policy is concerned. In the event that dissatisfaction results from a particular policy, it is open to review and possible revision. As students we need to be patient and to offer our views when they are asked for. Nothing but unhappiness can result from complaining, rumors, and a defensive attitude.

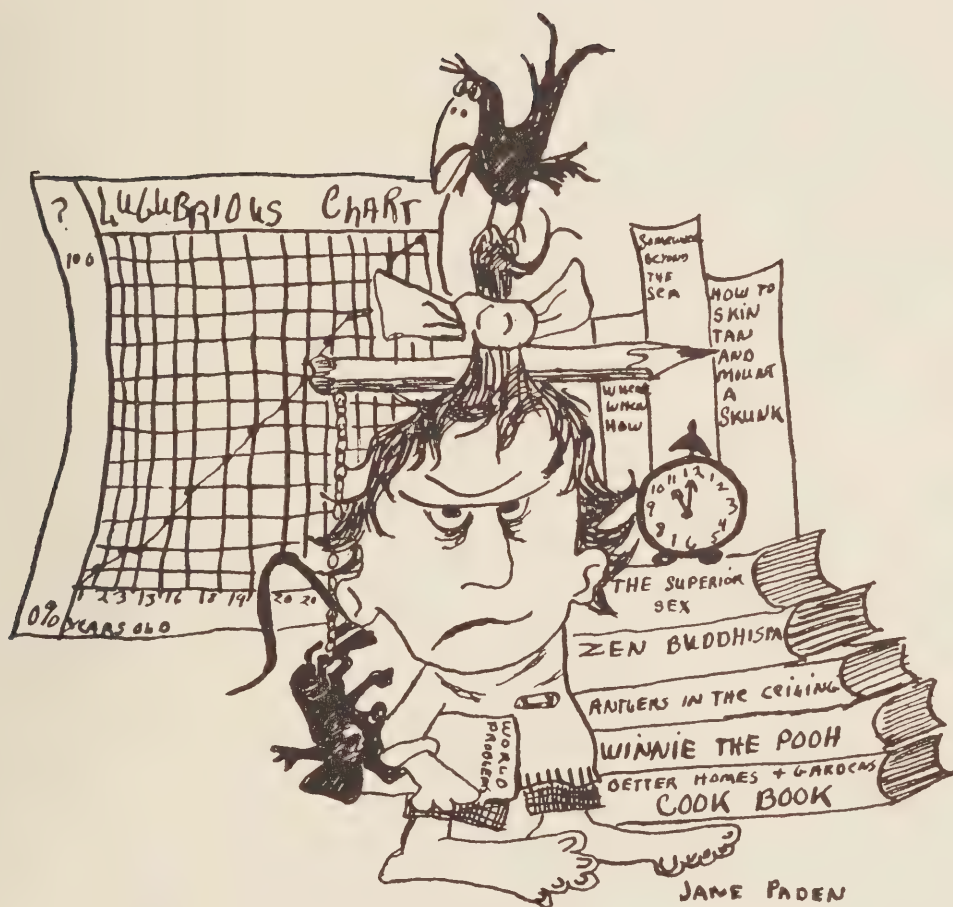
Student Government is an open road. It can be used, misused, or not used at all. May I encourage you to assume your responsibility this coming year in Student Government; best of luck in your endeavors to make Queens a better place in which to live and study; my heartiest congratulations to the new officers; and my thanks to you for giving me the opportunity and privilege of being president of the Student Government Association this year.

BOB



STUDIO

813½ Providence Road



The More You Live...
The Worse It Gets

To Meet or Not To Meet

by Amelia Alexander

There are too many organizations and activities on this campus for the good of the school or the students. There are too many meetings to attend; there is too much to do; there are too many places to be; there is too much going on. This campus is too small for the number of organizations that exist here now. A student does not have the time to devote to her studies or to any one organization that would make her a worthy contributor to either. Many organizations find it difficult to schedule meetings, either because their members have conflicting meetings of other groups, or because many "free hours" (so called because the time is designated as the time when organizations should meet) are taken up by the sudden appearance of a guest speaker (whose lecture is considered a chapel, absence from which merits a chapel cut) or some kind of student body meeting. Further, all the meetings cause a student to be unable to participate in special events which are sponsored on campus (non-compulsory) or to take advantage of many cultural opportunities offered outside the college.

I concede that there are many organizations which are very good and necessary here at Queens. On the other hand, it seems to me that there are also many which cannot justify the amount of time and effort that are put into them every year and are more annoying than helpful. Some are extraneous; that is, their functions overlap. Many groups seem to exist purely for the sake of existing; they have regular meetings, but they never seem to accomplish anything constructive. I feel this

is especially true of the departmental or vocational organizations, which are in many cases used by the students as means to an end. For example, a student may join a certain club because she feels she ought to curry favor with, or avoid the disapproval of, a professor. In these cases she has no real interest in the club, and it suffers as a result.

When there are so many organizations, both they and the students suffer because on a campus this size there just are not enough vitally interested people to make each group strong and productive. Real interest is often thwarted because of the many other groups to which a student devotes her time and energy. Most students on the campus belong to two, three, four, or more organizations of widely differing interests. None of these organizations will be able to profit very much from such a student's membership, either because her interests and loyalties are divided or because she is required to spend time on other organizations.

Granted that the problem is too many organizations with overlapping memberships, why do students not limit their participation to one or two activities, and why does each organization not limit its membership to a small devoted group? The answer is to be found in the values that are supported by the campus community: dependability, leadership, well-roundedness, willingness to work, desire for self-improvement, diversified interests. Awareness of the emphasis on these values is largely responsible for students' allowing themselves to be taken in by the standard procedure of making one feel she has to live up to the honor of being

Chosen as a member, or as a chairman, or an officer, or as the best person for the job. A vicious cycle operates: the more activities she joins, the more she is asked to join; each new activity or office entails a host of related activities coordinated by some council or other, at which point she is tapped by several honoraries with additional obligations and activities. Being a good member of only one organization is, thus, impossible.

Every one of the campus organizations has a worthwhile purpose and every one tries to fulfill its purpose—but they cannot on a campus this small. At a large university there is a reason to have many organizations; but on a campus of five hundred there should not be so many that over a third of the students are officers of one kind or another; and this is the case at Queens!

The strongest reason for my desire to lessen the number of organizations at Queens is that as a result of a student's belonging to so many clubs, not only is her interest lessened in each one, not only is most of her time spent in running from one meeting to another, but she has left, after all these meetings, a very little amount of time for her academic work. A promise to herself to put studying first seems to be much harder to keep than a promise to a friend to perform an extracurricular commitment. Because there are so many required meetings of each group—as well as required

class, chapel, seminar, student body, boarding or day student, and house meetings—students lose their sense of values and forget the main purpose of attending college. This is exemplified by a statement which I heard the other day: "I'm majoring in my sorority!"

There are several things that I believe can be done to alleviate this situation. First, removing rush week from the regular academic school year would eliminate the first and largest conflict in the school year between academic work and extracurricular activities. Second, doing away with or combining the organizations which have similar interests or deal with related fields, such as athletics, religious clubs, and departmental clubs, would prevent overlapping of functions. Third, honorary organizations should be made just that—honors, with no burdensome activities or projects to add to their busy members' loads. Fourth, each person should be allowed a maximum number of organizations to which she can belong, just as now each person is limited by the point system as to the number of offices she can hold. If these suggestions could be carried out, I believe that each student would be able to contribute more to and benefit more from the one or two organizations to which she would belong, and have more time left to study. And after all, that is why we are at Queens.

For fashion rightness and

creations as young as spring . . .

The Grey Shop

of

MELLON'S

106-114 West Trade

SENTIMENT

by Mary Harrell

Harry pulled out of the Toxaway terminal in his big heavy truck carrying 350 gallons of inflammable gasoline to make his daily run over the mountain to the nearby sawmill town of Hillside. "What if the brakes would give way?" he often thought to himself. "I wouldn't have a chance on one of them curves."

It was not long after this when Harry was nearly to the top of the mountain—that the rear axle of his truck cracked half into, and the truck began to slide backwards down the steep upgrade. However, Harry, the experienced truck driver as he was, managed to steer the truck towards the embankment where it stopped with a jolt.

"Hello, Boss. Can you get Mac up here right away to fix this damn axle? It's broken down on me about ten miles out of town." Harry was spittin' fire almost. He was so mad that this had to happen the day before his vacation.

"Yes, Harry," replied his boss over the telephone. "I'll send Mac up there first thing in the morning."

"Well, if that's the best you can do, but you'll have to give me an extra day of vacation for this. Tell him I'll meet him in the cafe."

The next morning Mac met Harry in the cafe as planned, and the two men started back up the mountain toward the truck. As they approached the place where they had left the truck, they noticed two strangers quite occupied helping themselves to gasoline. One man was getting Harry's five gallon can of gas from the cab of the truck while the other man was filling up an empty can from the pump.

"Hey, what do you think you're doing with that gas," yelled Harry as he got out of the car. "That's outright stealin'."

"Oh, can't we?" replied one of the men as he jerked out an old sawed-off shotgun. "Just you stand right still there where you are and watch us. And don't stick your noses into something that don't concern yuh. You just be right nice, and no one'll get hurt."

Harry and the mechanic stood there in the middle of the road, knowing they better follow orders. As the men rode off, Harry said, "Well, I'll be a son of a gun. They stole our gasoline right from under our noses while we just stood here and watched, Mac. What's worse, there wasn't much we could do without getting our heads blown off. They got off with my old

measuring can that I've been using ever since I began working with the company twenty-five years ago. I was sorta' sentimental about that can."

"Yeah," replied Mac. "It's a pity what some'll do these days. But there isn't much we can do now except get this truck fixed and get you on your way."

After Mac had finished welding the two parts together his eyes were burning and he was pretty tired and hungry. The two men got out a lunch they had bought in town and the watermelon they had gotten along the road that morning. Harry picked up the watermelon and busted it down on the ground and each of them took a hunk. About the time they were beginning to enjoy themselves they saw the two thieves coming back. "Now what in the deuce?" wondered Harry. "Don't tell me they've come back for more."

"Now, Harry, you just be quiet this time and don't go blowing your top," Mac replied in his calm voice. "Just go right on eating your watermelon like you didn't even see 'em drive up."

The men stepped up in front of Harry and Mac, but they just went right on eating their watermelon. Maybe they were more scared than anything. One of the men who smelled like a brewery spoke, "We decided to come back and settle wid yuh on that gas we took from yuh this morning." But Harry and Mac went right on eating their watermelon and didn't answer.

"Didn't you hear me when I spoke to yuh?" the man asked. This time he took the sawed off shotgun and lifted Mac's cap back with the end of it.

"No, man. I'm a little hard of hearing. What did you say?" asked Mac in a trembling tone with the watermelon juice running down his arm and over all his clothes.

"I said we come back to pay you for that gas we took from yuh this morning," repeated the man as he swayed slightly to one side. Mac could swell the whiskey on him as the man breathed down into his face.

"Well, gentlemen," answered Mac, "that certainly is respectable of you to offer to pay us."

"Here it is—a full pint of pure white lightening from our own manufacturin' plant," said the man.

"That sure is kind of you, mister," Mac replied. "The only thing that hurt so bad was that you took my partner's old measuring can, and you know how that is. It was sorta' close to his heart."

At Uncle Martin's

Summer night creeps in slowly
And the warm, lazy air
Floats by on lilac-scented wings;
The first stars begin to twinkle,
Welcoming lights on a far-off plain
The pines croon softly, skirts rustling
In the soft breeze.

And daylight flies away,
Fading out of sight as it journeys
Toward the western horizon;
The mountains are dark and still,
Their huge bodies silhouetted
Against the fleeting day,
The mighty spirits within them resting.

—ANN WILDER

Wita Reginae Collegii

or

A Loyalty That Binds

I turn to my old scrapbook; nostalgia grips my mind:
A thousand days and nights—and more—are now all left behind.
A thousand days and nights at Queens—what has it been to me?
A look among my souvenirs is all I need to see.
A map of old Queens campus; a book of names and rules;
“Centennial Baby” pennants; some needles and some spools;
A list of names and people that we had to know by heart;
A song about “Our Eddie”; a colored Bible chart;
A ticket to a dance somewhere; a pressed and faded rose;
A frayed and tattered ASLEEP sign I used to take a doze;
Some long-forgotten letters, tied with ribbon blue;
Some crumpled restaurant napkins, sugar and matchbooks, too;
Some notes I passed in class to friends; a title to a song;
A bunch of poems; an autograph; a test I got all wrong;
A snapshot taken at the beach: (a houseparty, I recall:
The week we spent at Myrtle turned out to be a ball!);
Some bills for dues; a mid-term grade; a *Spokesman* and a *Quill*;
A Boar’s Head program; stunt night scripts; a pink and yellow pill;
Eight sets of grades—the net result of all the school work done;
Some old confetti, ticker tape; a prize that I had won;
Some ticket stubs; some canceled checks; a colored party hat;
A Rebel flag; a travellog; a favor from a frat;
A decal bought but never used; a grade book; these, besides,
Some clippings from the paper; more snapshots; and some slides.
Yes, all of these are only things that have no value, true,
Yet each recalls a memory; some are gay; some, blue;
They tell me without speaking of the things I’ve done and said;
Remind me of the years I’ve spent and all the fun I’ve had;
Of people known and places been; of words that I have spoken;
Of friends I’ve made; of tears I’ve shed; of promises now broken;
Of picnics in the springtime; of night-long games and talks;
Of secrets and of studying; of dates and rainy walks.
And so they tell me silently exactly what it means
To spend ten thousand dollars and four years of youth at Queens:
With that ten grand I could have bought a Jaguar or a mink;
Instead I’ve bought a scrapbook—and an education—I think . . .

—GRISELDA GLENDOWER



Who Said... "Never the
Twain Shall Meet?"



been hanging
on a limb
so long and
low
way out
been swinging
to
and
fro
been doing it all the time
and there's an orange blossom
pluck
pluck
it's mine

—HARRIET HOUSTON

THE GATHERING PLACE

by Harriet Houston

It's a high-class tap room with abstract pictures, modern furniture, subdued lights, quiet drunks, and a vivacious barmaid.

I come here night after night to talk with the regulars—the young writers, withering intellectuals, and the others that are alone. They are always here, for this is the gathering place for the homeless. The fellow-drinkers constitute a family, and their communion with life is the cool, bitter ale that the barmaid pours.

Her name is Pat. She has five children, still she is slender and young-looking. She always smiles, and the tired wrinkles above her high cheek bones are never noticed.

The tap room boys affectionately call her “Dragon-Lady,” as her eyes twinkle, she gaily tosses her long black hair, and with a smile showing sparkling teeth, asks, “More beer, boys?” Her voice is filled with soft madrigal qualities.

The juke box plays a lonesome melody, and the room is overripe with smoke. Pat flits from table to table, replenishing ale. The door opens. Cold air rushes in. The holiday drifters come and go, but the regulars stay in their normal places, for they are not concerned with the Christmas season.

But Christmas slips away into the new year, and I, involved in the holiday whirl, do not seek the tap room's warmth until a chill mid-January night.

Upon entering, I smell the stinging smoke, the sudsy beer, and the kitchen aromas. I hear the lonesome lines lyrically float from the lighted juke box. I see the familiar darkened room and the regular faces. All is as it was, except Pat, the barmaid, is gone.

I wander up to the bar and ask the red-coated bartender where Pat is tonight. He slowly raises a grizzled brow, stares fixedly at me, and steadily says, “Gone. She left town.”

Full Many A Flower

Intimately above a waiting earth
Wind's soft fingers arrange
Hydrangeas in the summer sky,
Then tiring of play
Quietly gathers into one bouquet
That darkens deep purple—
Violets now, flecked red,
Sprinkle from the thunderhead
Nectar down upon a blind world
Bent over a fragment of brittle script
In search of God.

—ULMONT IVES

Faith and the Profit Motive

by Anne Carmichael

R. H. Tawney, English economist and teacher, selects for the topic of his book, *Religion and the Rise of Capitalism*, a subject of old origin but of enough importance to merit the considerations of so distinguished an author. In the work, Tawney endeavors to trace the interreaction of religious dogma and practices with the growth of economic awareness as it became a prevalent aspect of the lives of men after the sixteenth century.

Today, according to Tawney, religion has become a separate department of our lives in contrast to the strategic position which it occupied before the sixteenth century as the central axis around which the entire being revolved. This change from entirety to part has of necessity been accomplished by great changes in the status of economic enterprise. In the present day, economic transactions are considered one of the equal aspects or compartments of life, while before the sixteenth century, any dealings of this type were subjugated under the rules and discipline of the church authorities.

It is Tawney's opinion that capitalism as we know it today has risen to its present position due to the advancement of protestantism as the religious order. This seems to be exemplified in the fact that those countries in which this religion grew were also the countries which developed most completely and rapidly in the economic realm. And yet one could almost equally as strongly argue that the economic growth came first and that it left room only for the spiritual tenets which the protestants professed. This thought must be

left to the reader for contemplation upon completion of the book.

In substantiating his opinions, the author traces the rise of new religious opinions and thoughts from the sixteenth century when religion was separated and became an entity apart from the state. People were beginning to think of themselves in this life and in doing so they gradually established religion as one perspective of life with its own rules and authority. As man began to think in this manner, he began to place emphasis upon himself as an individual, to consider his own actions and needs, and to examine his position as it related to the church and the state. Tawney effectively explains the social order of the Medieval Age and presents a number of possible paths which the policies of the church and the state might have followed. That it pursued the one it did is due to the fact that as man was becoming economically conscious of his new horizons, men such as Luther and Calvin were speaking loudly to the excited nations. These men recognized the social ills which would inevitably grow from these new economic discoveries and were determined to subdue or reconcile them to the spiritual authority.

Tawney says that Luther, whose ideal was the peasant who toiled honestly for a subsistence, was appalled by the rise of the bourgeois class whose profits were made from trade. Trade to him was permissible only when it involved exchanging items necessary for day-to-day comfort and when its originators made no profits. Interest and rents he denounced no matter how just the amount.

Indeed, all religious principles were to be applied to the internal soul, not to economic laws of man.

The man from whom the basic roots of protestantism sprang was not Luther, but Calvin. To Calvin, the duty of the Christian was "to discipline his individual life and to create a sanctified society." This theory left the development of economic policy, whether it concern the taking of interest, rents, or trade, to the disciplined individual. Men began to see that the benefits of this approach were great, and soon reasoned that they were carried out at the pleasure of God. This line of thought swiftly gained popularity and many followers, and soon the individual was made to feel it necessary to use all of his economic opportunities to his best advantage. His wants were translated into God's desires. In Tawney's own words, "What is significant, in short, is not the strength of the motive of economic self-interest, which is the commonplace of all ages and demands no explanation. It is the change of moral standards which converted a natural frailty into an ornament of the spirit, and canonized as the economic virtues habits which in earlier ages had been denounced as vices."

Though man and his moral values changed in practice, Tawney believed that in form there was actually little change in the essential spiritual values which existed before and after the Reformation. Man was still held responsible for his deeds and was obliged to follow his spiritual conscience in all transactions—economic and social. But the individual grew to resent the church's pressure upon him to conform to spiritually accepted practices. Thus the church and state were divided; and the spiritual trend turned to protestantism, and especially Puritanism, in which no controls whatsoever were placed upon secular economic activities. Man's self-interest became the will of Providence as he was guided completely by his individual spiritual conscience. And in this way economic growth became the prevalent aim of society—an aim which has gained in importance as the centuries have passed, while

the individual spiritual conscience may have diminished in importance.

The theory proposed by Tawney in this work was not a new one, as it has been considered by a number of authors and economists before and since its publication. Therefore, it is only through style and details of emphasis that the book becomes significant. The work as a literary piece gives evidence of distinct talent in that field. However, the extended, involved sentences and the frequent reference to men and theories of ages past put the book on the level of a reader more advanced than the average individual. The value of the book may be directed to those of superior understanding and intelligence, but its subject is one to be contemplated by all of modern society.

The chief question which arises upon completion of the reading is "How did other religions than Protestantism affect the rise of capitalism during this same period?" The author himself is first to admit his defect in not considering this additional problem; but it is perhaps less serious an omission than it appears upon first glance. Since the book deals exclusively with capitalism as it was fostered by the rise of the protestant religion, the question might be asked as to the propriety of using the title, a caption which seems to direct the reader to expect more than is found in the book.

The picture which Tawney presents is not an altogether pleasant one. And yet two centuries after the eighteenth, it is evident that what he pictured has been even more completely fulfilled since that time. Man has become mercenary to the point of excluding even the separate compartment of religion from his life. Certainly are there very few cases in which a conscious effort is made to let religious beliefs guide the businessman. The value of reading a work such as this is derived from the force with which the modern individual life is brought into perspective and the thoughtfulness it provokes as to the condition of man's future role in society.



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